Built His Grave Forty Years Ago. William Watts, of Godfrey township, who died Tuesday afternoon, was laid away yesterday afternoon in a vault in City cemetery in Alton which he built

40 years ago.

Mr. Watts when in middle life built the vault, planning to have it ready for the recepion of his own body and that



DUD EACH
S A TYPICAL WESTERN
WARD POLITICIAN

"A HALF DOZEN POLISH JEWS CAME UP AND, ASKED BUD TO INSTRUCT THEM HOW TO VOTE!"



who just drove by and nodded to me? Well, I helped to elect 'im United States Senator. He wouldn't 'a' been that if it hadn't been for me.

"How? Well, he was a yound lawyer. Got the nomination for the Legislature. He comes to me after that and suys, says he, 'Bud, do' what you kin for me.' I did. Run 'im seventy-five votes ahead of his ticket in my precinck. Election was awfully close, and that's the vote he slipped in by. He made a hit in the Legislature, the Boss picked 'im up, sent 'im to Congress, and, to break a dead lock in the Senate fight, they compromised on 'im. The Senator ain't forgot it, and when he kin do me a favor he will. But they ain't all like 'im. Many forgits what you done for 'em. I tell you, few people knows what hustlin' you've got to do all year 'round to keep the voters in line, so's to have 'em vote all right on election duy. The big politicians don't know what you've got to go through with, and don't appreciate it. If my old trade paid livin' wages, I'd go back to it."

right, I gits the word from Bob and starts out hot-footed to see the members of the church. The preacher bein' con-verted, the Almighty with Bud's help wasn't goin' to see the flock go astray. They're all right, they'll yote the Re-publican ticket straight, just as always

publican ticket straight, just as always does mine."

Up spoke one of the party: "You didn't support Jack Doyle when he ran for judge, and he was on your ticket."

Bud answered: "He wasn't no Republican. He was agin' us and with the independents. We give im the nomination after that, so's to knock im out and teach the kickers a lesson. Give'm some of the medicine they give us. Bill Barnes passed the word down the line and we did it."

Now, Bill Barnes was the party bos of the county. The party control was a close corporation. He usually kept them all guessing as to the makeup of ...e ticket; and the delegates like Bud would close corporation. He usually kept them all guessing as to the makeup of ...e ticket; and the delegates like Bud would not, as a rule, know whom to vote for until the morning of the convention. Bill had a pleasant way of saving the electors in the pairty lots of worry in trying to arrive at a choice of suitable candidates. Don't you see it would be a great deal easier for one man, after consultation with a number of others, to sit down and select the candidates, so that the ticket would contain representatives of all classes and all interests? Four hundred to five hundred delegates in an open convention in the face of a bot and bitter contest, would be apt to be carried away and not regard the ticket as a whole, so as to draw all interests to its support by reason of the representation thereon. But, then, there are always unreasonable people, and there were in this case. Some rebelled—they could not appreciate a kindness of that character—started Independent movements, or fused with the Democratz.

Bud was edsing away, but the crowd would not have it, and the person that had last spoken to Bud insisted, "But it was a mistake to beat Doyle. We are always crying out. "Stand by the nominess of your party," and yet, when we had a chance to show how to do it and set the example of loyalty, you turn around and defeat your own party candidate. We might have healed the breach; but now the discontented Republicans have again fused with the Democrats, and they may lead the people astray."

Bud get angry. "Who's the Repubs that's in this thing? Why, a lot of 'old stiffs' that's been turned down—some of 'em want to hold office all their life, others the people's beaten time and again. All they wants is to git us out, and they

But they votes for McGinn count of his religion. It goes agin' the grain of some of them old Irish Demo crats, but they'll stand a, think it's their duty to. I tel keeps 'em stirred up, tellin' 'e this play agin' their religion, this play agin' their religion, done in a quiet way. There ain't no hollerin' from the house-tops, but it'll count all the more, and you know it. And that same thing's bein' done all over

And that same thing's bein done and the city."

Just then a half dozen Polish Jews came up and asked Bud to instruct ...em how to vote. As they left the said:

"The Pollacks is creepin' into this precinck. I filled my pockets full of candy and peanuts primary night, and climbed up to their rooms to git the men out to vote. Went into one room. Dirty's no name. Dozen kids sprawlin' on floor. Somethin' in pot cookin' for supper. Awful. Felt sick at stomick. Couldn't git man at once. "Zit down and let's talk and the stomick in the suppersonments." I have the supperson the supperson the supperson to the supperson the supperson to th rul. Felt sick at stomick. Couldn't git man at once. 'Zit down and let's talk about it,' said he. I see I was up agin' it. Said I to myself: 'Now. Bud. just imagine you've swallowed a lead paper weight,' and I swallows. J finally got my men and took 'em down.'

At this point a young fellow slouched up, and accosting Bud. said:

"Say, Bud, ain't you goin' to the front for 'Blinkey,' and git 'im out of the work-house?"

house?"

"No, I won't touch 'im, he's no good, He's a thief and bum. He won't work. He's breakin' his poor mother's heart. He'll land in the penitentiary next."

"But you got 'Curley' and 'Red' out,"

"That's different. Them boys was layn' bricks on Murphy's new buildin' next to Schmitt's saloon. When the rain comes they had to quit workin', and went into the saloon for shelter until it'd let up. They had their wages with 'em. They got to drinkin' and shakin' dice into the saloon for shelter until it'd iet up. They had their wages with 'em. They got to drinkin' and shakin' dice with Schmitt. When night comes, the Dutchman had all their money, wouldn't give 'em any more drink, turned 'en out, and locked up. Later on they got in through a back door Schmitt forgot to lock, and were helpin' themselves to the whisky when they were placed. They're

git in. 'Reform and lower taxes' is the cry of the Fusionists. They don't say we're stealin' from the public treasury, but that we spends too much money to run the city. First thing they does when they gets in power—and they've been in a year now—they cuts down the poor street laborers' wages, don't use enough money to clean streets and fix'em, don't take up garbage and ashes often enough, and the town's lookin' like a hogpen, and then they cries they've lowered the taxes. They ain't a-goin' to fool the people much longer. Them Fusionists will git a mongrel breed; their litter won't live long.

"I ain't got nothin' agin' Jack Doyle personally. Me and 'im was born and raised together—lived in the same house and went to school togethes. I've got a boy at home named after 'im. Jack Doyle's got the edication. He had the chance, I didn't. But he was agin' us and we went agin' im. He tried to throw us down and we throm 'im.'

Up spoke one of the party and said the Anti-Foreign members were making a hard fight in the precinct.

"They're fools," said Bud; "all the members round here are Republicans and are only creatin' ill feelin's and makin' it hard to git Demmiles to vote for Republicans. You don't hear me holler about religion—I knows better. I ain't got no religion, and ain't agin' none. If I kin work anybody on the quiet and git 'im my way of votin' I appears to agree with 'im when he starts talkin' religion to me. If I's got any religion it's polities.

lcck, and were helpin' themselves to the whisky when they were pinched. They're all right now. Quit drinkin', workin' steady, Had a good lesson. I ain't got nothin' agin' drinkin'. I drinks, Was never drunk in my life. I knows how to drink. When I has just so much I won't touch anythin' more."

Bud started across the street, saying: "There's old Morrisey. See if I can't git 'im to yote for our sheriff. The old man is rock-ribbed, and is still yoth' for Andy Jackson."

trouble. There's many a thing that I does. Makes 'em all feel friendly and under obligations to you, and ready to do you a favor when you asks 'em and they kin do it.

"Money to pay for votes? Well, we's got very little here in this precinck. Of course we're givin' some. When we git through to-night most of the boys will be out of pocket as usual. You've got to use some money. Some people you can't git to the polls from their homes without stoppin' here and there to give 'em a drink, and some change to stop in on their way home. You've got to have a few kegs of beer on tap in the saloons, so's you can send people there or go with 'em. You's got to pay people to the polls; but as to payin' anybody outright so much for his vote, there ain't any meney floatin' around here for that. And even if we had it, it'd do little good. You couldn't trust the kind of people that'd want it. Couldn't tell how they'd mark their tickets when they'd git into that booth. In the old gays it was different. You could see the ticket until it got into the election judge's hands. Could see the goods delivered."

The boys can tell by Bud's face when a face of the polls git and any thus widely disseminate infection. It really begins to look as if the only way for sarely see away from they mouths to boys can tell by Bud's face when a face of the couldn't treath the could see the ticket until it got into the election judge's hands. Could see the goods delivered."

The boys can tell by Bud's face when a face of the objects of London. They assert the only way of warly get away from their mouths and many thus widely disseminate infection. It really begins to look as if the only way for sarely get away from the wholl increase.

the goods delivered.

The boys can tell by Bud's face when a Republican died in the precinct. Bud is one of the mourners and when a smile illumines Bud's face, you know he's heard of the conversion to Bud's faith of some political sinner.

hostile bees creeping in.
"What's Mason ever done for the party
that he goes from one place to another
always gittin' good salaries and don't
turn his hand over and don't do none of
the work? Time he was given a ros

turn his hand over and don't do none or the work? Time he was given a rest and some of the other boys that's been doin' the work given a show. "There goes Major Smith. He never does nothin' but vote. Don't help us any round here. Got a new position only 1.0 other day. Gave 'im the best cake in the bakery. Never was without a place."

Bud continued: "There's another thing,

Bud continued: "There's another thing a lot of guys that's been pluggin' agin us all along has been given some good things lately. Seems to me now, the more you knock again our gang the more you fought 'em, the better you're off. You're taken back into camp if you'll come; they kills the fatted calf for you, and they'll make you believer you're the whoie thing."

touch anythin more."

Bud started across the street, saying:
"There's old Morrisey. See if I can't git 'im to yote for our sheriff. The old man is rock-ribbed, and is still votin' for Andy Jackson."

When Bud finally came back, he said; "The old man was hard to move, but I got 'im at last. Told 'im It was 'bread and butter' to me, and I' git a better job if we'd elect our sheriff. Said he: 'Shure then o'ill vote for him for yez."

"Say, Bud." came from one of the crowd, 'inte boys in the other precinds are making fun of your 'bread and butter' racket, and some are calling you Bread and Butter Bud."

"Them's a few enemies of minc, None of 'em holds down their precinets are making fun of your 'bread and butter'. They're jealous of me because I makes a better showin'. They don't work like' id. I knows every house and pretty near every room in this precinck, and who's a better showin'. They don't work like' id. I knows every house and pretty near every room in this precinck, and who's in the other precincing in power even the most, exalted states man in the land. One need not join in the hue and cry against ward politics.

There are worse than Bud, He is only government, Yet those types are an eyet of the most, exalted states man in the land. One need not join in the hue and cry against ward politics with im.

To have grown to be meat and drink to Bud-him on the sidewalk making his rounds, this on the sidewalk making his rounds, the pleasant summer evenings often find him on the sidewalk making his rounds, the pleasant summer evenings of the find him on the sidewalk making his rounds, the pleasant summer evenings of the find him on the sidewalk making his rounds, the pleasant summer evenings of the find him on the sidewalk making his rounds, the pleasant summer evenings of the find him on the sidewalk making his rounds, the pleasant summer evenings of the find him on the sidewalk making his rounds, the pleasant summer evenings of the find him on the sidewalk making his rounds, the pleasant summer evenings of some o

"AT WORK WITH

YAPPY WHEN HE CAN

MEET SOME ONE A

CHAT POLITICA WITH HIM

Only One vvay of Escape.

So the "speelbinder" is a menace to health!
This discovery is made by the health authorities of London. They assert that preachers and public orators who speak forcibly expel millions of micro organisms from their mouths and may thus widely disseminate infection.

It really begins to look as if the only way to surely get away from the awful microbe is to have one's sulf cremated.—Now York Herald.

Richmond Boy Begins Well.

Mr. W. Goodwin Williams, formerly of lichmond, and an M. A. of Richmond College, steemend, and an M. A. of Richmond Colle has commenced the practice of law in a Francisco. He has already made a good si in his career by having been invited by National Democratic Committee to stee the central part of California in behalf of Democratic presidential ticket.

The "Boss" Bossed.

Richard Crocker is said to have been driven from his new home in Ireland hecause of a ghost on the property. This is the only hall that he ever took charge of where he wasn't the boss.—Boston Globe. on Globe.

Social Pariahs.

In all the South there is no room for the white person who even peaceably practices equality with the negro. They are sucial Parlahs, despised even by the better class of negroes. It is absolutely essential to the peace and prosperity of the South, that it should be so, for upon the integrity of the white race depends the peace and happiness of both races in the couth.—Ronnoke World.

Then and Now.

Country Life in America says it will now cost four thousand, five hundred dollars to build a house that could have been built for two thousand, eight hundred dollars in 1857. Mr. Shaw's answer to that would be that a laboring man has no use for such an expensive dwelling.—Wilmington Messenger.

CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT. YOU WILL WANT TO READ THIS STORY LATER, IF NOT NOW.

CHAPTER XI-Continued.

"And you shall see how worthy a pupil am. Father, I am much beholden to this young clerk, who was of service to me and helped me this very morning in north of the Christ Church Road, where I had no call to be, you having ordered otherwise." All this she recled off a loud voice, and then gianced with sidelong, questioning eyes at Alleyne for

Sir Nigel, who had entered the room with a silvery-haired old lady upon his aim, stared aghast at this sudden outburst of candor.

head, "It is more hard for me, to gain obedience from you than from the ten score drunken archers who followed me to Guinne. Yet, hush! little one, for your fair lady-mother will be here anon, and there is no need that she should and there is no need that she should know it. We will keep you from the provost-marshall this journey. Away to your chamber, sweeting, and keep a bilthe face, for she who confeases is shriven. And now, fair mother," he continued, when his daughter had gone, "sit you here by the fire, for your blood runs colder than it did. Alleyne Edricson, I would have a word with you, for I would fair that you should take sor-

runs colder than it did. Aleyse Editerson, I would have a word with you, for I would fair that you should take sorvice under me. And here in good time comes my lady, without whose counsel it is not my wont to decide aught of import; but, indeed, it was her own thought that you should come."

"For I have formed a good opinion of you, and can see that you are one who may be trusted," said the Lady Loring." And in good sooth my dear lord hath need of such a one by his side, for he recks so little of himself that there should be one there to look to his needs and meet his wants. You have seen the cloisters; it were well that you should see the world too, ere you make choice for life between them."

"It was for that very reason that my father willed that I should come forth into the world at "ry twentieth year," said Alleyre.

Alleyne.
"Then your father was a man of good counsel," said she, "and you cannot carry out his will better than by going on this path, where r, that is noble and gallant in England will be your compan-

"You can ride?" asked Sir Nigel, looking at the youth with puckered eyes.
"Yes, I have ridden much at the ab-

"Yes, I have ridden much at the abbey."

"Yet there is a difference betwixt a
friar's hack and a warrior's destrier. You
can sing and play?"

"On citole, flute and rebeck."

"Good! You can read blazonry?"

"Indifferent well."

"Then read this," quoth Sir Nigel,
pointing upwards to one of the many
quarterings which adorned the wall over
the fireplace.

the fireplace. "Argent," Alleyno answered, "a "Argent," Alleyne answered, "a fess azure charged with three lozenges dividing three mullets sable. Over all, on an escutcheon of the first, a jambe gules."

"A jambe gules erased," said Sir Nigel shaking his head solemnly. "Yet it is not amiss for a monk-bred man. I trust that you are lowly and serviceable?"

"I have served all my life, my lord."

"Canst carve too?"

"I have carved two days a week for the brethren."

he brethrer of squires.

of squires. But ten,
curl hair?"
"No, my lord, but I could learn."
"It is of import," said he, "for I love
to keep my hair well ordered, seeing that
to keep my helmet for thirty years on the pulled off his velvet co cop." He pulled on his maintenance as he spoke and displayed an an egg a pate which was as bald as an egg in the firelight. "You maintenance as he spoke and dispinstone a pate which was as bald as an egg, and shone bravely in the firelight. "You see," said he, whisking round, and showing one little strip where a line of scattered hairs, like the last survivors in some fatal field, still barely held their own against the fate which had fallen upon their comrades; "these locks need some little oiling and curling, for I doubt not that if you look slantwise at my head, when the light is good, you will yourself perceive that there are places where the hair is sparse."

"It is for you also to bear the purse," said the lady; "for my sweet lord is of so free and gracious a temper that he would give it gayly to the first who asked aims of him. All these things, with some knowledge of veners, and of the management of horse, hawk and hound, with the grace and hardlhood and courtesy which

ring up strife in the county."

"We can scarce hope," said Nigel, o have all ready for our start before the feast of St. Luke, for there is much to be done in the time. You will have leisure, therefore, if it please you to take service under me, in which to learn your devolr. Bertrand, my daughter's page, is not to go; but in sooth he is over young for such rough work as may be before us."

"And I have one favor to craye from you," added the lady of the castle, as Alleyne turned to leave their presence. "You have, as I understand, much learning which you have acquired at Beaulieu."

at the thought of the strange and peril-ous paths which his feet were destined to tread.

CHAPTER XII. HOW ALLEYNE LEARNED MORE THAN HE COULD TEACH.

THAN HE COULD TEACH.

And now there came a time of stir and bustle, of furbishing of arms and clang of hammer from all the southland countles. Fast spread the tidings from thorpe to thorpe and from castle to castle, that the old game was afoot once more, and the lions and lilles to be in the field with the early spring. Great news this for that fierce old country, whose trade for a generation had been war, her exports archers and her imports prisoners. For six years her sons had chafed under an unwonted peace. Now they flew to their arms as to their birthright. The old soldiers of Creey, of Nogent, and of Poletiers were glad to think that they might hear the war-trumpet once more. Poletiers were glad to think that they might hear the war-trumpet once more, and gladder still were the hot youth who had chafed for years under the martial tales of their sires. To pierce the great mountains of the south, to fight the tamers of the fiery Moors, to follow the greatest captain of the age, to find sunny cornfolds and vineyards, when the marches of Picardy and Normandy were as rare and bleak as the Jedburgh forests when was a golden prespect for a race

marches of Picardy and Normandy were as rare and bleak as the Jedbursh forests —here was a golden prospect for a race of warriors. From sea to sea there was stringing of bows in the collage and clang of steel in the castle.

Nor did it take long for every stronghold to pour forth its cavalry and every hamlet its footmen. Through the late autumn and the early whiter every rond and country lane resounded with nakir and trumpet, with the neigh of the warhorse and the clatter of marching men. From the Wrekin in the Welsh marches to the Cotswolds in the west or Buttser in the acuth, there was no hill-top from which the peasant might not have seen the bright shimmer of arms, the toss and flutter of plume and of pensil. From bye-path, from woodland clearing, or from winding moor-side track these little rivulets of steel united in the larger roads to form a broader stream, growing ever fuller and larger as it approached the nearest or most commodous seaport. And there all day, and day after day, there was bustle and crowding and labor, while the great ships loaded up, and one after the other spread their white pinions and darted off to the open sea, amid the clash of cymbals and rolling of drums and lusty shouts of those who went and of those who waited. From Orwell to the Dart there was no port whiled hot pend forth. Its little fleet, gay with of those who waited. From Orwell to the Dart there was no port which did not bend forth its little fleet, gay with streamer and bunting, as for a joyous festival. Thus in the season of the waning days the might of England put forth or the waters.
In the ancient and populous county of

to the waters.

In the ancient and populous county of Hampshire there was no lack of leaders or of soldiers for a service which promised either honor or profit. In the north the Baracen's head of the Brocas and the searciet fish of the De Roches were waving over a strong body of archers from Holt, Woolmer and Harewood forests. De Borhunte was up in the cast, and Sir John de Montague in the west. Sir Luke do Ponynges, Sir Thomas West, Sir Maurice de Bruin, Sir Arthur Lipscombe, Sir Walter Ramsey and stout Sir Oliver Butteshorn were all marching south with levies from Andover, Arlesford, Odham and Winchester, while from Sussex came Sir John Clinton, Sir Thomas Cheyne and Sir John Fallisice, with a troop of picked men-at-arms, making for their port at Southampton. Greatest of Theynham Castle, for the name and the fame of Sir Nigel Loring drew towards him the keenest and boldeat spirits, all eager to serve under so vallant a leader. Archers from the New Forest and the Forest of Bere, billmen from the pleasant country which is watered by the Stour, the Avon and the Itehen, young cavallers from the ancient Hampshire houses, all were pushing for Christchurch to take service under the banner of the five scariet roses.

And now, could Sir Nigel have shown carlet roses.

And now, could Sir Nigel have show rank required, he might well have cu and shone bravely in the firelight. "You see" said he, whisking round, and showing one little strip where a line of scattered hairs, like the last survivors in some fatal field, still barely held their own against the fate which had falled upon their comrades; "these locks need some little oiling and curling, for I doubt not that if you look slantwise at my head, when the light is good, you will yourself perceive that there are places where the hair is sparse."

"It is for you also to bear the purse," said the lady; "for my sweet lord is of so free and gracious a temper that he would give it gryly to the first who asked alms of him. All these things, with some knowledge of vengre, and of the management of horse, hawk and hound, with the grace and hardlhood and courtesy which are proper to your age, will make you a fit squire for Sir Nigel Loring."

"Alas! lady." Allsyne answered, "I know well the great honor that you have done me in deeming me worthy to wait upon so renowned a knight, yot I am so conscious of my own weakness that I scarce dare incur duties which I might be so ill-fitted to fulfil."

"Modesty and a humble mind," said she, "are the very first and rarest gifts in page or squire, Your words prove that you have these, and all the rest is but the work of use and time. But there is no call for haste. Rest upon it for the night, and let your orisons ask for guidance in the matter. We knew your father well and who we have small cause to love your brother the Soeman, who is for ever stirring up strife in the sounty."

"We can scarce hope," said Nigel, on have all ready for our start before the face of the proper to your start before the face of the proper to your start before the face of the first word of bottley the care happed to the first word and the rest is but the work of use and time. But there is much to the word of bottley the first word of bottley the first word of bottley the first word of the first word squireship. Yet, even after the enrolment, there

Yet, even after the enrolment, there was much to be done ere the party could proceed upon its way. For armor, swords and lances, there was no need to take much forethought, for they were to be had both better and cheaper in Bordeaux than in England. With the long-bow, however, it was different. Yow staves indeed might be got in Spain, but it was well to take enough and to spare with them. Then three spare cords should be carried for each bow, with a great store or arrow-heads, besides the brigandines of chain mail, the wadded sicel caps, and the brasarts or arm-guards, which were mr. Shaw's enswer to that would be it is a laboring man has no use for such an expensive dwelling.—Wilmigton Messenger.

Good Times Ahead.

When they begin to pick cotton by moonlight it is evidence that there is something doing in the fleecy staples on the markots, it is specially graffying to know in this part of the country that the local state of the light this fall.—Winston-Salem Sentian to the local state of the local state of the local state of the light this fall.—Winston-Salem Sentian to conform the priory, but he is strick, but he is strick, to make the local state of the loc



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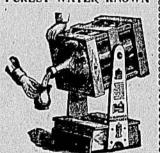
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